

Lady Ellen and the Earl of Nithisdale.



Cruikshank delin.

Barlow sculp.

*She strives to fly—from wizzards wand,
 As well might powerless captive fly—
 The new-cropt flower falls from her hand,
 Ah! fall not with that flower to die—*

Langhorne.

Published as the Act directs, by J. Roach Riggs, at Court opposite the Pit-door of New Drury Theatre Royal, Decr. 30, 1793.

ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE POETS. N^o 1

OWEN of CARRON,

by D^r Langhorne.

The *FOUR SEASONS*,

by Samuel Johnson LL.D.

The TEMPLE of FAME,

by the Pope Esq^r.

GRONGAR HILL,

by John Dyer.

The SOUL in SORROW,

by D^r Parnell.



*As they rake the green appearing ground,
The rusted haycock rises thick behind.*

These

L O N D O N.

Printed for & by J. Roach, Bust Court opposite the Pit door of New Drury Theatre &c.

Price 6^d



OWEN OF CARRON.

By. Dr. LANGHORNE.

There is something romantic in the story of the following POEM ; but the Author has his reasons for believing that there is likewise something authentic. On the simple circumstances of the ancient narrative, from which he first borrowed his idea, those reasons are principally founded, and they are supported by others, with which, in a work of this kind, to trouble his Readers would be superfluous.

ON CARRON'S sides the primrose pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue ?

Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,

Why stream your eyes with pity's dew ?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood

That purple grows the primrose pale ;

That pity pours the tender flood

From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sat in his eye,

The sun his golden tresses gave,

The north's pure morn her orient dye,

To him who rests in yonder grave !

Beneath no high, historic stone,

Tho' nobly born, is Owen laid,

Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,

He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
 And fled before the mountain gale,
 Since first his simple dirge ye sung :
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale.

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
 Hath wander'd o'er your meeds of gold,
 That dirge I hear so simply sweet
 Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's * day,
 When Scotland's honours flourished still,
 That Moray's Earl, with mighty sway,
 Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful flore
 The fairest plains of Carron spread;
 In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
 An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
 In waves of gold round India's throne,
 All in her shining breast that glows,
 To Ellen's † charms, were earth and stone.

For

* William the Lyon, King of Scotland.

† The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithisdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one of the finest women in Europe, insomuch that she had several suitors and admirers from foreign courts.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
 The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
 And smoother Italy applied,
 And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
 No foreign love her breast beguile,
 And England's honest valour fail'd,
 Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

" Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
 That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd.
 Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
 Thy voice, the music of the shade ;

" Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
 Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
 For soon those gentle arms shall prove
 The conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
 And cast a rueful glance behind,
 As from her dimwood glen she broke,
 And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmov'd
 Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
 The valiant youth by Ellen lov'd
 With aught that fear or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
 The soul beyond a vulgar state :
 Th' unconquer'd banner he displays
 Controul our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
 Of clouds that wander'd west away,
 Twilight with gentle hand did weave
 Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmormore*.

Led by those waking dreams of thought
 That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
 Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
 And Carron murmur'd near, and sooth'd her into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
 That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
 Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
 And smiles at slumber's powerless chains ;

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
 At this soft hour the sprite was there,
 And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
 And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower

* A chain of mountains running through Scotland from
 East to West.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
 What long might weary mortal wight :
 Swift as the lightnings rapid flame
 Darts on the unsuspecting fight.)

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
 As well that wizard bard hath wove,
 In scenes where fair Armida's wand
 Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in simple shew ;
 Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
 Had lent their glories here to glow,
 Or yielded here their shining flores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
 The wild rose wound her damask flower ;
 The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
 That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash that courts the mountain air,
 In all her painted blooms array'd.
 The wilding blossom blushing fair,
 Combin'd to form the flow'ry shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's bre
 The cowslip's sweet, reclining head,
 The violet of sky-woven vest,
 Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But who is he, whose locks so fair
 Adown his manly shoulders flow:
 Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
 Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite,
 Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
 He courts her arms with fond delight,
 And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
 Some soft ideas melt away,
 If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
 The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray,

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
 And when the fleeting form was past,
 Still on thy memory found its mien,
 And felt the fond idea last:

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
 Seen in some vision counted vain,
 Has struck thy wondering eye anew,
 And brought the long lost dream again.

With warrior's bow, with hunter's spear,
 With locks adown his shoulder spread,
 Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
 —He is ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scaree

Scarce had one pale moon passed away,
 And fill'd her silver urn again,
 When in the devious chace to stay,
 Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's bank his fate consign'd,
 And, all to shun the fervid hour,
 He sought some friendly shade to find,
 And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
 Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
 And in the deep defending grove
 Sought refuge from the fervid day —

Oh!—who is he whose ringlets fair
 Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
 Reclin'd in rest—whose sunny hair
 Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
 (Ah me! that sprites can fate controul!)
 That lives still imagin'd on her breast
 That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
 From earth to breathe Elysium air,
 And in the train whom we call dead,
 Perceives his long-lov'd partner there :

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
 Resistless o'er its airy frame,
 To find its future fate restore
 The object of its former flame.

So Ellen stood, less power to move
 Had he, who bound in slumber's chain,
 Seem'd haply o'er his hill to rove,
 And wind his woodland chace again.
 She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
 And fond delight and melting love
 Seiz'd all her soul ; she came not near,
 She came not near th' fated grove.
 She strives to fly from wizard's wand
 As well might powerless captives fly ;
 The new-cropt flower falls from her hand —
 Ah ! fall not with that flower to die*.

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
 Smile in the morning's orient eye,
 And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam,
 What time the sun was hasting nigh ?
 Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
 As any muse that meets thine ear,
 The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
 When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent

* See the Plate.

Silent they gaz'd—that silence broke ;

“ Hail ! goddess of these groves,” he cry'd,

“ O let me wear thy gentle yoke ;

O let me in thy service bide !

For thee I'll climb the mountain steep,

Unwearied chace the destin'd prey,

For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,

And part the sprays that vex thy way,”

For thee—“ O stranger, cease,” she said,

And swift away, like Daphne, flew,

But Daphne's flight was not delay'd

By aught that to her bosom grew.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,

The fond idea that confin'd

Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,

Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O love ! within those golden vales,

Those genial airs where thou wast born,

Where nature, listening thy soft tales,

Leans on the rosy breast of morn.

Where the sweet smiles, the graces dwell,

And tender sighs the heart remove,

In silent eloquence to tell

Thy tale, O soul-subduing love !

Ah !

Ah! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
 And dark distrust, with changeful face,
 And jealousy's revered eye
 Be near thy fair thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree
 And Lord of many a lowland hind,
 And long for Ellen love had he,
 Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her absent hour
 He watch'd with all a miser's care;
 The wide domain, the princely dower
 Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal soul
 May thus with fair affection part!
 Though Lothian's vales thy sway controul,
 Know that Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
 And winding far where Carron flows,
 Sudden he sees the fated bower,
 And red rage on his dark brow grows.

For who is he?—'tis Nithisdale!
 And that fair form with arm reclin'd
 On his?—'tis Ellen of the vale,
 'Tis she (O powers of vengeance!) kind

Should

Should he that vengeance swift pursue ?

No—that would all his hopes destroy ;
Moray would vanish from his view,
And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he lies —

He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
And " Haste to yonder groves," he cries,
" And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.

What time ye mark from bower or glen

A gentle lady take her way
To distance due, and far from ken,
Allow her length of time to stray,

Then ransack straight that range of groves

With hunter's spear and vest of green,
If chance, a rosy stripling roves —
Ye well can aim your arrows keen."

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,

And Ellen takes her homeward way ;

She ~~Through~~ *stay'd* by many a tender sigh,

She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive against yon poplar pale

The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the desert air,
 Ere yet his tender dreams depart ;
 And one struck deep his forehead fair,
 And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep —
 He lies beneath yon poplar pale ;
 Ah ! could ye marvel ye should weep :
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmormore ;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
 Along the fairy-featur'd vale :
 Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
 And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
 Swift as the mountain deer he sped ;
 The evening shades will sink in night —
 Where art thou, loitering lover, fled ?

O ! she will chide thy trifling stay.

E'en now the soft reproach we frames :

“ Lovers brook ~~such~~ long delay ?

Lovers that boast of ardent flames !”

He

He comes not—weary with the chace,
 Soft slumber o'er his eye-lids throws
 Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
 We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread —
 He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale —
 Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
 Thy heart will far forego my tale !

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
 She's not in Moray's splendid train;
 Their mistrefs dear at midnight hour,
 Her weeping maidens seek in-vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down;
 For her no balms their sweets exhale:
 Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
 Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
 The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
 And the chill mountain's early air
 Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
 When clouds involve his rosy light,
 Darts thro' the gloom a transient ray,
 And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumines her eye,
 And flow its languid orb unfolds —
 What are those bloody arrows nigh ?
 Sure, bloody arrows she beholds !

What was that form so ghastly pale,
 That low beneath the poplar lay ?
 'Twas some poor youth—" Ah Nithisdale !"
 She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
 The wood-lark trills his liquid strain —
 Can morn's sweet music raise the dead ?
 Give the set eye its soul again ?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
 Which nature not profusely yields,
 Seeks in these lonely shades to find
 Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
 O'er all his paly visage glides —
 " Ah me ! what means this misery here ?
 What fate this lady fair betides ? "

He bears her to his friendly home,
 When life he finds has but retir'd ;—
 With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
 For his is quite, is quite expir'd !

XIII.

XIII.

"O hide me in thy humble bower."

Returning late to life she said;

"I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;

With many a rosy wreath thy head.

Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,

And, if my love asleep is laid,

Oh! wake him not; but softly move

Some pillow to that gentle head.

Sure thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,

Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea —

But Oh! no lamb in all thy train

Was e'er so mild, so mild as he."

"His head is on the wood-moss laid;

I did not wake his slumber deep —

Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade —

Why, gentle lady, would you weep?"

As flowers that fade in burning day,

At evening find the dew-drop dear,

But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,

When soften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,

This lovely flower, more sweet than they,

Found her fair soul, and wandering near,

The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
 Was but more dreadful grief to know!
 Ah! sure, the privilege of mind
 Can not be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On melancholy's silent urn
 A softer shade of sorrow falls,
 But Ellen can no more return,
 No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
 The slow consuming hour she'll weep,
 Till nature seeks her last-left aid,
 In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.

"These jewels all, unmeet for me,
 Shalt thou," she said, "good shepherd take;
 These gems will purchase gold for thee,
 And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
 The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
 Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
 Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
 Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
 For I will share her humble toil,
 And I her friendly roof will share."

XV.

And now two longsome years are past

In luxury of lonely pain —

The lovely mourner, found at last,

To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,

That wears love's sunny eye of joy —

Is Nithisdale reviving here ?

Or is but a shepherd's boy ?

By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,

He binds his vale flowers with the reed ;

He wears love's sunny heart of joy,

And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah ! no more his infant sleep

Closes beneath a mother's smile,

Who, only when it closed would weep,

And yield to tender woe the while.

No more with fond attention dear,

She seeks th' unspoken wish to find ;

No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,

See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast ?

Is she the friend of stern controul ?

Wears she the despot's purple vest :

Or fetters she the free-born soul ?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
 In chains thy childrens' breasts to bind?
 Gav'st thou the Promethean flame?
 The incommunicable mind?

The offspring are great Nature's—free,
 And of her fair dominion heirs;
 Each privilege she gives to thee;
 Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy fortune, wear thine eye,
 Perhaps some feelings of thy heart;
 And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
 To act their fair, their proper part?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
 Ill fated Ellen claims thy hand;
 Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
 Was low laid by his ruffian band.

And Moray with unfather'd eyes,
 Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
 Attends his human sacrifice,
 Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love! thy bard shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
 Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright.

But

But if no radiant star of love,
 O Hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
 Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
 Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's flow wandering wing
 Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
 Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
 Who bound his vale flowers with the reed ?

Ah me ! those flowers he binds no more ;
 No early charm returns again ;
 The parent, nature keeps in store
 Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
 That plays on Carron's breast he can,
 Reason has lent her quiv'ring light,
 And shewn the checquer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
 With pensive eye himself survey'd,
 And, all unconscious of his birth,
 Sate thoughtful oft in Eden's shade ;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
 Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
 And once, within their greenest glade,
 He fondly fram'd this simple song :

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
 Why am I tales of ladies told?
 Why does no labour me employ,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy?

A filken vest like mine so green
 In shepherd's hut I have not seen —
 Why should I in such vesture joy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy?

I know 't is no shepherd's art
 His written meaning to impart —
 They teach me, sure, an idle toy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy.

This bracelet bright that binds my arm —
 It could not come from shepherd's farm;
 It only would that arm annoy,
 If I were but a shepherd's boy.

And, O thou silent picture fair,
 That lov'st to smile upon me there,
 O say, and fill my heart with joy,
 That I am not a shepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah! lovely youth! thy tender lay
 May not thy gentle life prolong:
 See'st thou yon nightingale a prey?
 The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love :
 He sweetly hails his evening star,
 And fate's more pointed arrows move,
 Infidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdeſs, whoſe kindly care
 Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
 Muſt now their ſilent manſions ſhare,
 Whom time leads calmly down to death.

“ O tell me parent if thou art,
 What is this lovely picture dear ?
 Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
 Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear ? ”

“ Ah ! youth, to leave thee loth am I,
 Tho' I be not thy parent dear ;
 And would'ſt thou wiſh, or ere I die,
 The ſtory of thy birth to hear ?

But it will make thee much bewail,
 And it will make the fair eye ſwell — ”
 She ſaid, and told the woefome tale,
 As ſooth as ſhepherdeſs might tell.

XXIV.

The heart, that ſorrow doom'd to ſhare,
 Has worn the frequent ſeal of woe,
 Its ſad impreſſions learns to bear,
 And finds full oft its ruin flow.

But

But when that seal is first impress,
 When the young heart its pain shall try,
 For the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
 Oft seems the startling soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
 In paleness cloath'd, and lifted hands,
 And horror's dread unmeaning gaze,
 Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
 Look'd wishful for the tear to glide;
 But when she saw his tearless strife,
 Silent, she lent him one—and died.

XXV.

“No, I am not a shepherd's boy,”
 Awaking from his dream, he said,
 “Ah! where is now the promis'd joy
 Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

O picture dear! for her lov'd sake
 How fondly could my heart bewail!
 My friendly shepherdes, O wake,
 And tell me more of this sad tale.

O tell me more of this sad tale—
 No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!
 And I will go to Lothian's vale,
 And more than all her waters weep.”

XXVI.

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled —

Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear —

"O art thou there," the full heart said,

"O art thou there, my parent dear?"

Yes, she is there : from idle state

Oft has she stole her hour to weep ;

Think how she 'by thy cradle fate,'

And how she 'fondly saw thee sleep*.'

Now tries his trembling hand to frame

Full many a tender line of love ;

And still he blots the parent's name,

For that, he fears might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side

Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moss,

Where every bird was wont to bide,

That languish'd for its partner's loss.

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd

A parent's first embrace to wait,

And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,

Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,

The well-informing bracelet bore —

Ah ! may they not unprosperous prove !

Ah ! safely pass yon dangerous door !

XXVIII.

* See the ancient Scottish ballad called *Child Maurice*.

XXVIII.

“She comes not ;—can she then delay ?”

Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—

“Whatever filial love could say,

To her I said, and call’d her dear.

She comes—Oh ! no—encircled round,

’Tis some rude chief with many a spear,

My hapless tale that Earl has found —

Ah me ! my heart ! for her I fear.”

His tender tale that Earl had read,

Or ere it reach’d his lady’s eye,

His dark brow wears a cloud of red,

In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

’Tis o’er—those locks that wav’d in gold,

That wav’d adown those cheeks so fair,

Wreath’d in the gloomy tyrants hold,

Hang from the sever’d head in air.

That streaming head he joys to bear

In horrid guise to Lothian’s halls :

Bids his grim ruffians place it there,

Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew —

“ Know’st thou these—Ellen of the vale ? ”

The pictur’d bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul’s first fear was o’er :
He pointed to the ghastly head —
She saw, and sunk to rise no more.

T I M E.

By Dr. YOUNG.

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of Time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours ;
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch :
How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm’d ; and o’er life’s narrow verge
Look down—on what ?—a fathomless abyfs ;
A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

T H E
FOUR SEASONS.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

SPRING.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife ;
And nature, on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train ;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny consigns !
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture sings, and beauty shines !

Yet tho' my limbs disease invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stops, my soul, thy rapid flight ;
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide—a father—and a friend;
 Once more great nature's works review,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal pow'r,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crime
 I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtle foes,
 Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passion to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

SUMMER.

O PHŒBUS! down the western sky
 Far hence diffuse the burning ray;
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle eve, the friend of ease !

Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads ;
Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,
In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove ;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come Stella, queen of all my heart !
Come, born to fill its vast desires !
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual joys inspires.

While all thy wish and thine compleat,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN.

A LAS! with swift and silent pace
Impatient time rolls on the year;

The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;

The flow'rs of Spring are swept away,
And summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,

Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruffet heaths are wild and bare.

Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain;
Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,

Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,

O would some god but wings supply!

To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me fate compels to bear
 The downward seasons' iron reign,
 Compels to breathe polluted air,
 And shivers on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
 If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail ;
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail ?

O ! what remains, what lingers yet,
 To cheer me in the darkening hour ?
 The grape remains, the friend of wit,
 In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl ;—
 Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray :
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,
 This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat ;
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,
 And every bliss in wine shall meet.

W I N T E R.

NO more the morn with tepid rays,
 Unfolds the flow'r of various hue ;
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
 Nor gentle eve distills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night :
 Usurping darkness shares the day,
 Her mists restrain the force of light ;
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain ;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd, impetuous show'rs descend ;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere ;
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high ;
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more ;
 Nor music charm, tho' Stella sings ;
 Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies :
 Life's a short Summer—man a flow'r ;
 He dies—alas ! how soon he dies.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

By Dr. YOUNG.

NO man is happy till he thinks on earth
 There breathes not a more happy than himself.
 Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all ;
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
 Such angels, all, entitled to repose
 On Him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns,
 Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven !
 To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean !
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting every beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;
 For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old
 In Israel's dream, come from, and go to heaven ;
 Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes ;
 While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

THE

T H E
T E M P L E O F F A M E .

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

I N that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs ;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray ;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banished from my breast,
(What time the morn's mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings) ;
A train of phantoms in wild order rose ;
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I flood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
The whole creation open to my eyes :
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow :
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ring cities, and the forests green ;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples rise :
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore :

Then,

Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way ;
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd ;
 Yet wide were spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some, fresh engrav'd, approv'd of wits renown'd :
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own with labour in their place ;
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the first impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
 Like chrystal, faithful to the graven steel :
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of days.

So

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on the impassive ice the lightnings play ;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky :
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
 Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace ;
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Her fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace ;
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :

There

There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil :
 Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound,
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !
 Cytheron's echoes answers to his call,
 And half the mountains rolls into a wall :
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
 The growing tow'rs like exaltations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand ;
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand :
 The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd ;
 These top'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied shades,
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of Talisman's and Sigils knew the pow'r,
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But

But, on the south, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ;
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
 There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and bards, (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that died to be by poets sung.
 These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
 In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face ;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the founding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold ;
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
 Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
 The friezes gold, and gold the capitals :
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
 The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
 High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The Youth, that all things but himself subdu'd ;
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head belyed the Lybian god.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas shone ;
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.
 But chief were those who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought,
 High o'er the rest Epaminodas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood :
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great :

And

And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

}

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty frame
 Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates ;
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell ;
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names ;
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore ;
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd chair,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone ;
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;
 Father of verse ! in holy fillets dress'd,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ;
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall :

Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t'affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unwearied art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.

In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre ;
 Æneas bending with his aged fire :
 Troy flam'd in burning gold ; and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace ;
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone :

The champions in distorted postures threat ;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire ;
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t'infuse
The softer spirits of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental brass.

Here smiling loves and Bacchanals appear ;
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat, fix'd in thought, the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his side surround ;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone ;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne :
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

The massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.

Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great :
 The vivid em'ralsds there revive the eye,
 Tho' fraiming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ;
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew ;
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet enfold ;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string :
 With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
 And last, eternal, thro' the length of days.

Around

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook ;
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall :
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly :
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend ;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same ;
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd ;
 Unlike successes equal merits found.
 Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune reigns ;
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r :
 Long have we sought to instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne.

On

On wit and learning the just prize bestow;
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The goddesses heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise,
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around:
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud:
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents the unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your acts be crown'd
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

But

But straight the direful tramp of slander sounds ;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies ;
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
 The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore ;
 For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools ! (the Queen replied, and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone ;
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smaliest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mein,
 Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !

But

But safe in desarts from th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise! muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Even list'ning angels lean from heav'n to hear:
 To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd;
 Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair:
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;

Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell;
 Yet, would the world believe us all were well,
 The joy let others have, and we the name;
 And what we want in pleasure grant in fame.

The queen assents, the trumpets rends the skies,
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers press'd
 Around the shrine, and made the same request:
 What, you! (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourself, and even fatigued with ease.
 Who lose a length of undeserving days;
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall;
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
 Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
 Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
 Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
 On sovereign's ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
 Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics —
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks, that seem to set the world on fire.

At

At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
Before my view appear'd a structure fair, [throne.
Its scite uncertain, if in earth or air :

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
With ceaseless noise, the ringing walls resound ;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sand upon the shores ;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds, from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
Ner ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance ;
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make :

Another

Another ambient circle then they move ;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above ;
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life ;
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store ;
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore ;
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air ;
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state ;
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great ;
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ;
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew ;
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
 And priests, and party zealots num'rous bands,
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place ;
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;

And all who told it added something new,
 And all who heard it made enlargements too;
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth:
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in clouds of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below;
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their fate determines, and prescribes their force;
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way;
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent.
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now the truth and lie;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd,
 And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall find.

While

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
 But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath,
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign :
 Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure ;
 Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor ;
 All luckless wits their enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice ;
 Oh ! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name
 But the fallen ruins of another's fame —
 Then teach me, heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
 O grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

GRONGAR HILL.

By JOHN DYER.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phæbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,

From

From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.

About his checquer'd fides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind ;
And groves and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide, and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a-smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow ;
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours, intervene ;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature shew
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the fight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies :
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seems from hence ascending fires :

Half his beam Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads,
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
 And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes :
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew :
 The slender fir that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;
 And, beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood ;
 His sides are cloth'd with waving wood ;
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps :
 So both a safety from the kind
 On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;

And

And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen his broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state :
 But transient is the smile of Fate !
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
 Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun !
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life, to endless sleep !
 Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wand'ring thought ;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view !
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody vallies, warm and low ;

The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky !
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each gives each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,

Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide.

How close and small the hedges lie !

What streaks of meadow cross the eye ;

A step, methinks, may pass the stream,

So little distant dangers seem ;

So we mistake the future's face,

Eyed thro' hope's deluding glass.

As yon summits soft and fair,

Clad in colours of the air,

Which, to those who journey near,

Barren, brown, and rough appear ;

Still we tread the same coarse way ;

The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,

And never covet what I see !

Content me with an humble shade,

My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;

For while our wishes wildly roll,

We banish quiet from the soul :

'Tis thus the busy fan the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care,
 Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain turf I lie ;
 And the wanton zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
 While the waters murmur deep ;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ! be great who will ;
 Search for peace with all your skill ;
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor :
 In vain ye search, she is not there ;
 In vain ye search the domes of Care !
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain heads,
 Along with pleasure close allied,
 Ever by each other's side ;
 And often by the murm'ring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE
SOUL IN SORROW.

By Dr. PARNELL.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O Jesu, Lord of Life, on high!
As, when the summer's season beat
With scorching flame and parching heat,
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirsty gaps in earth are made;
My thoughts of comfort languish so,
And so my soul is broke by woe.
Then on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed;
Let those a quick refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe,
My dread of endless hell beneath;
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort, change within;
Change all my sad complaints for ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as own their birth to joy:

Joy

Joy transporting, sweet and strong,
 Fit to fill and raise my song;
 Joy that shall resounded be,
 While days and nights succeed for me.
 But not as a Judge severe,
 For so thy presence who may bear?
 On all my words and actions look,
 (I know they're written in thy book);
 But then regard my mournful cry,
 And look with mercy's gracious eye.
 What needs my blood, since thine will do,
 To pay the debt to Justice due;
 O render mercy's art divine!
 Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine!
 Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart,
 Allay the bleedings of my heart:
 Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
 Restores my soul to life again.
 Guide me then, for here I burn,
 To make my Saviour some return.
 I'll rise (if that will please him, still:
 And sure I've heard him own it will);
 I'll trace his steps, and bear my cross,
 Despising ever grief and loss;
 Since he, despising pain and shame,
 First took up his, and did the same.

P I E T Y.

By Dr. YOUNG.

ON Piety humanity is built ;
 And on humanity, much happiness ;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven ;
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;
 The whirls of passion, and the strokes of heart.
 A Deity believed, is joy begun ;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of piety delight inspires :
 Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
 O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides ;
 Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;
 Pray'r ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man, in audience with the Deity.
 Who worships the Great God, that instant joins
 The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

5 00 57